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By Alfred S. Horsley.

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A NIGHT IN A HACK.

Hurrying along the street to the a recountered Mrs. Murtagh.

"Goin' to leave us?" she inc

Jim hunted awhile on the bottom of the carriage, guarding himself skillfully against my kicks, and finally shouted, "D—n it, it's gone."

"B—n it, it's gone."

"It's in the value!" cried Roddy.

"That's gone. Stop his noise! this isn't a slaughter house."

"I'll make it one." was the savage antewers, as he leaned into the carriage with upraised arm.

"Steady, Roddy!" and Jim looked through the back window. "Curse my luck! there comes a carriage. The horses are on the keen run, and there's a star on the front seat. They're after us"—and he backed out of the vehicle, and began to run across the prairie as fast as he could go.

Roddy did not seem at all frightened at this news. He put one hand on my shoulty der. "With my compliments," he whispered. Then I felt the knife cut through